A

Pastoral Poem,

Sacred to the Memory of his late Majesty

King GEORGE. I

King of Great Britain &c.

Sic transit Gloria Mundi.

Tityrus. Melibe.

YOUNG *Tityrus*, thoughtful, mus'd along the Plain,
Some new-born Cares oppress'd the joyful Swain,
In heavy Grief he throws his Pipe away,
Nor is he deck'd with Lawrels or the Bay;
Wander'd by chance into a silent Grove,
Where God-like DAPHNIS us'd to sing his Love,
Here sat *Melibe*, dress't in a sable Hue,
Crown'd with the Cypress and the mournful Yew,
From his bright Eyes Rivers of Tears did flow,
Like Christal Drops, murmuring as they go,
Or ambient Streams, whose Silver Waters glide
With doubled Force to join the distant Tide.
Then *Tityrus* thus address'd the mournful Swain,
Whose fault'ring Tongue did bubble like the Main:

When DAPHNIS liv'd, secure was all the Plain,

Tityrus.

What inward Grief diſtracts thy troubled Mind,
Has *Amaryllis* prov'd to thee unkind:
Or the fierce Tyger from yon diſtant Wood
Snatcht from thy Flock a tender harmleſs Kid.

Melibe.

Thus *Melibe* replied with ſerious Air,
Periſh my Flocks, they are no more my Care:
Nor do I value *Amaryllis'* Frown,
Since DAPHNIS has reſign'd his earthly Crown.
DAPHNIS is dead, the Glory of the Plain,
Prince of the Woods, and Ruler of the Main.
The Nymphs for DAPHNIS cry'd with fainting Breath,
They weep'd for DAPHNIS ſlain by cruel Death.
The azure Skies in ſable Black were dreſt,
When DAPHNIS fled to his eternal Reſt.
Nature did faint, each Star breath'd deadly Sobs,
Luna grew pale and loſt her glorious Robes,
The Earth did quake, Flowers loſt their priſtine Hue,
The Graſs ſhook off its pearly Drops of Dew,
Mountains did ſhake, the Valleys all did ring,
The ſacred Nine in Grief forbore to ſing.
When DAPANIS died *Apollo* left this Place,
And *Pallas* too diſdain'd the humane Race.
DAPHNIS is dead, Protector of the Groves,
The common Object of the *Satyrs* Loves.

When DAPHNIS liv'd, ſecure was all the Plain,
No ſtroling Wolf durſt hurt the humbleſt Swain.
All bold Intruders of the diſtant Wood,
He kept in aw, and learn'd them to be good.
Rebellious Servants at his Foot did bow,
And crowned Fame ſat ſmiling on his Brow.
His God-like Smiles reviv'd the rolling Day,
His awful Frowns did cruſh a Tyrant's Sway.
In *India*'s Deſerts his mighty Pow'r was known,
And *Africk*'s burning Sands the ſame did own.
Above their Head the Snn's bright Chariot lies,
And *Torrid* Zone with Black its Natives dyes.
With all his Neighbours he was moſt ſincere.
Ending their endleſs Quarrels and hurtſome War.
DAPHNIS our wonted Liberty did regain,
Nor was his Pow'r curb'd, on the liquid Main.
But to his Servants he was a kind Lord,
And he by them moſt juſtly was ador'd;
A laſting Peace he gave for horrid Wars,
Quell'd all Home Fury and Inteſtine Jars.
And thus he ſpoke, Now Shepherds take your Eaſe,
Let your Lambs reſt, and Sheep feed where they pleaſe.
So *Caius* kingly Liberty did reſtore,
Being diſſolv'd when *Tarquin*'s haughty Pow'r
Had forc'd *Lucretia* in her nuptial Bed
With pointed Steel her chaſt Heart's Blood to ſhed.

With DAPHNIS Name resounds the azure Sky,
Great DAPHNIS Death with Tears fills every Eye.
I unto DAPHNIS will four Altars rear,
Where I his God-like Virtues may admire.
DAPHNIS the brave, the noble, and the just
Must now ly low and moulder into Dust.
And must that Oracle of Wisdom now be stopt;
That Mouth of his from which well fram'd Words dropt.
Ev'n when on Earth he trode a heav'nly Road,
O *Melibe* he was a God, he was a God!
Now in ætherial Mansions he doth reign,
Sounding sweet Praises to the heav'nly King.
And as a Constellation he doth shine,
Feasting on Nectar and immortal Wine.
Seeing good DAPHNIS is now dead and gone,
Where he's interr'd inscribe upon his Tomb,
Within this Urn the peaceful Ashes lies
Of mighty DAPHNIS known ev'n to the Skies.
Lord of a fair Flock, but yet himself more fair,
Famous in the Woods, he shone like a bright Star.
But tho' his Body lies thus low in Dust,
His Soul expects the Judgment of the Just:
So perisheth all this fading World's Glory,
Teaching frail Mortals to *memento mori*.

FINIS.

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